



WE ARE BORN — A DEPRESSION BABY — SEPT. 9, 1932



WE GET OUR FIRST READER.



WE GET OUR FIRST AD

MY, WHAT AN INTERESTING LITTLE FELLOW!



DON'T I KNOW IT!

WE GET 150,000 READERS IN WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, AND RICHMOND

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE!



FAMOUS PEOPLE BEGIN TO NOTICE AND ENCOURAGE US

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

## FIFTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 10th, 1937 • VOL. 11. NO. 11



(DARK RED AREAS SHOW WHERE FAMILY CIRCLE READERS LIVE)

OCTOBER 27, 1933 — WE HAVE THE GREATEST CIRCULATION INCREASE WITH ONE ISSUE THAT ANY MAGAZINE HAS EVER HAD. WE JUMP FROM 150,000 CIRCULATION TO 800,000 WITH THE OCTOBER 27, 1933, ISSUE AS CIRCULATION SPREADS FROM 3 CITIES TO 27 STATES. CIRCULATION SINCE THEN HAS INCREASED TO 1,477,000

THE FIRST FIVE YEARS ARE THE HARDEST!



272, 617, 792 COPIES GIVEN AWAY FREE SINCE MAGAZINE STARTED



AND TO WHAT DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR HEALTHY CIRCULATION?

TO THE BOYS IN THE STORES AND TO THE READERS! THEY'RE TOPS!

"FOOD FOR THOUGHT" IS THE FEATURE WHICH HAS RUN LONGEST IN THE MAGAZINE WITHOUT MISSING AN ISSUE. IT STARTED IN 1932, AND HAS BROUGHT IN MORE THAN 98,871 LETTERS FROM READERS. THE LETTERS HAVE COME FROM AUSTRALIA, ARABIA, AFRICA, ALASKA, ENGLAND, CHINA, MEXICO. IN THE UNITED STATES, SING SING AND ALCATRAZ HAVE HAD THEIR CONTRIBUTORS

# FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ROBERT PILGRIM



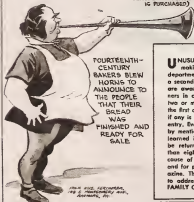
JAINIST MONKS IN INDIA LIVE ON JUST **ONE GRAIN OF WHEAT A DAY** FOR LONG PERIODS! THE FOLLOWERS OF THIS ASCETIC ORDER WERE ORIGINALLY ADVISED BY THEIR FORGIVER, MAHATMA, TO EAT **DESMATER, BARLEY, AND COLD SOUP, ODELS, AND WATER** IN WHICH BARLEY HAD BEEN WASHED!

FROM THE JOURNAL, 243 E. BOSTON, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, CHAS. E. JOHNSON

FROM THE JOURNAL, 243 E. BOSTON, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, CHAS. E. JOHNSON

LUNCHEON WITH WINE...  
10 FRANCES  
LUNCHEON WITHOUT WINE...  
11 FRANCES

SIGN IN THE RESTAURANT, CANNON, MARSEILLE, FRANCE. (BUT THE TEN-FRANCE PRIZE DOES NOT INCLUDE THE WINE. IT IS THE PRICE OF THE LUNCHEON IN CASE WINE IS PURCHASED)



FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BAKERS BLOW HORNS TO ANNOUNCE TO THE PEOPLE THAT THEIR BREAD WAS FINISHED AND READY FOR SALE

FROM THE JOURNAL, 243 E. BOSTON, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, CHAS. E. JOHNSON



SQUASH, DOCTORED AND ATTRACTIVELY PACKED, OFTEN MASQUERADED AS CANNED PEACHES BEFORE THE PASSAGE OF THE PURE FOOD LAWS

FROM THE JOURNAL, 243 E. BOSTON, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, CHAS. E. JOHNSON



THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE FOR RIPE OLIVES IS NOT THEIR SIZE BUT THEIR FIRMNESS AND FLAVOR

FROM THE JOURNAL, 243 E. BOSTON, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, CHAS. E. JOHNSON



TEA WAS NOT TEA TO THE COLONIAL GENTLEMAN BUT THE FASHIONABLE WARM WATER

FROM THE JOURNAL, 243 E. BOSTON, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, CHAS. E. JOHNSON



THE DAIRY INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED STATES IS LARGER THAN EITHER THE STEEL OR AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES. (BUT MOST OF THE PROFITS ARE OBTAINED FROM ICE CREAM, CHEESE, AND OTHER BY-PRODUCTS, INSTEAD OF THE FLUID MILK.) FORTY-FIVE BILLION QUARTS OF MILK ARE PRODUCED ANNUALLY BY AMERICAN FARMERS

FROM THE JOURNAL, 243 E. BOSTON, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, CHAS. E. JOHNSON

HERE LIES THE BODY OF SOLDIER PEAS. UNDER THE DAVIES AND UNDER THE THIES, PEAS IS NOT HERE. ONLY THE POD, PEAS SHELLED OUT, WENT HOME TO GOD.

THISTLE BRITAIN, IN CHARTERED NEAR WISCONSIN, ALA.

FROM THE JOURNAL, 243 E. BOSTON, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, CHAS. E. JOHNSON

UNUSUAL facts about food and home-making are printed each issue in this department. Each issue a first prize of \$20, a second prize of \$5, and several \$1 prizes are awarded. Checks are mailed to winners in advance of the issue date. When two or more identical ideas are received, the first one sent will be awarded a prize if any is used. Therefore, please date your entry. Every idea should be accompanied by mention of the source from which you learned it. No ideas or photographs can be returned. No entry is printed sooner than eight weeks after it reaches us, because of the time required for illustration and for printing and distributing the magazine. The contest is continuous. Be sure to address Food for Thought Editor, THE FAMILY CIRCLE, 400 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

# "Everybody wants to go to Cynthia's parties!"



Even John, who hates to go out, always seemed glad to go to Cynthia's. So one night, coming back from Cynthia's, I asked him why.

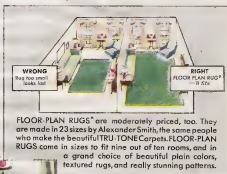
He said he enjoyed going to a house that seemed so restful, so charming. Was I turned up, because Cynthia's furniture was no better than mine?



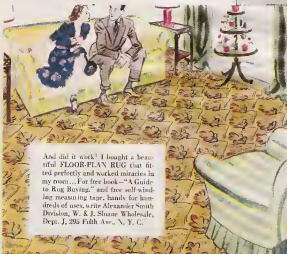
The next day I talked it over with Helen. "Well," she said, "there is something about Cynthia's house . . . no fooling. Maybe it's because she used to be a decorator. Let's ask her."



So we did, and Cynthia gave us the low-down. "Always start with a rug that fits your room. FLOOR-PLAN RUGS even by Alexander Smith come ready-made in many different sizes."



FLOOR-PLAN RUGS\* are moderately priced, too. They are made in 23 sizes by Alexander Smith, the same people who make the beautiful TRU-TONE Carpets. FLOOR-PLAN RUGS come in sizes to fit nine out of ten rooms, and in a grand choice of beautiful plain colors, textured rugs, and really stunning patterns.



And did it work? I bought a beautiful FLOOR-PLAN RUG that fitted perfectly and worked miracles in my room! For free look—"A Guide to Rug Buying," and free self-winding measuring tape, handy for hundreds of uses, write Alexander Smith Division, W. & J. Spence Wholesale, Dept. J, 295 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

## FLOOR-PLAN RUGS

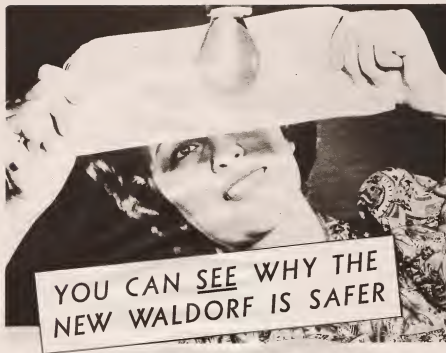
(TRADE MARK)

Made by *Alexander Smith*

Custom sizes at ready-made prices  
— at all good stores



Look for the Gold Label with the  
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING GUARANTY

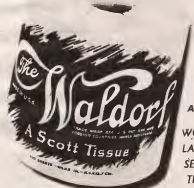


YOU CAN SEE WHY THE  
NEW WALDORF IS SAFER

**T**RY HOLDING a strip of the new Soft-ll eye Waldorf to the light. You can easily see why it's the largest selling toilet tissue in the world! It's like cloth . . . smooth, soft, uniform. No "bumps" to scratch and irritate. No thin spots to make it insecure.

For your safety, compare it with a piece of ordinary toilet tissue. You'll see rough spots, frequent thin spots . . . even dirt and splinters.

Safeguard your children's tender skins by ordering a supply of the new Soft-ll eye Waldorf today. It will give you not only double comfort and security, but double value, too! A roll of this firm, soft tissue lasts so much longer! Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa. Also makers of Luxury Texture Scott-Tissue and ScottTowels for kitchen use.



5¢

A ROLL

WORLD'S  
LARGEST  
SELLING  
TISSUE

LITTLE GIRLS  
NEED ITS  
GREATER COMFORT  
AND  
SECURITY



# The Family Circle

CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE MORE THAN 1,477,000

HARRY H. EVANS  
Editor

JULIA LEE WRIGHT  
Director, Homemakers' Bureau

JAN C. MAYER • R. R. ENDICOTT  
Associate Editors

All advertised products guaranteed • All recipes kitchen tested

## THE PERSONAL TOUCH

"MAY I contribute my two cents' worth to your very outstanding magazine?" writes Martha J. Burch, 23 Pennsylvania St., Denver, Colorado. "My week ends would be incomplete without it. I look forward to visiting your stores regularly so I won't miss a single copy." And here is Miss Burch's contribution to our columns:

### WHY CAN'T IT BE?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?  
Or a key to the lock of his hair?  
Can his eyes be called an academy,  
Because there are pupils there?  
In the crown of his head, what gems are found?

Who crosses the bridge of his nose?  
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his house,

The nails on the end of his toes?  
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?  
If so, what can he do?  
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades—  
Oh, no, I don't know—do you?  
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?

Or a beat on his forehead hear?  
If the calf of his leg cuts the corn on his toes,  
Should he not grow his corn on the cor?  
—LILIA STEPHENS

FOR the following, we are indebted to Annis B. C. Knowles, 1924 Woolsey St., Berkeley, California:

Life is a leaf of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin! Though thou hast time  
But for a line, be that sublime.  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

MANY thanks to Mrs. Virgil H. Carlson, 3005 Askew Ave., Kansas City, Missouri, for sending us the following:

### FRIENDSHIP

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort,  
Of feeling safe with a person.  
Having neither to weigh thoughts  
Nor measure words, but pour them  
All right out—just as they are—  
Chaff and grin together,  
Certain that a faithful friend will  
Take and gift them—  
Keep what is worth keeping—  
And with the breath of kindness,  
Blow the rest away!

—BIRNAN CRAIG

WHE think this is a fine compliment from Bertha Shelnk, 519 Columbia Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.: "I would no more think of missing my copy of THE FAMILY CIRCLE than I would omit eating my dinner each day—and how I need my dinner! I can hardly wait from one issue to the next. I especially like the poems. Here is a thought from my scrapbook—"

The world would be a pleasant place,  
If, criticizing less our brothers,  
We each demanded from ourselves  
The virtues we demand in others!

CASSIE McELROY, 1008 Olivet Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, thinks we should add another page to The Personal Touch. We certainly wish we could spare the room, for it would give us more opportunity to use all the fine contributions we receive, but for the present we don't see how we can. Here are some verses which Miss McElroy sends from her collection:

### PREPAREDNESS

For all your days prepare,  
And meet them ever alike;  
When you are the smelt, bear—  
When you are the hammer, strike!

—EDWIN MARKHAM

### JUDGE NOT

In men whom men condemn as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin and blot,  
I hesitate to draw a line  
Between the two, where God has not.

—JOAQUIN MILLER

### I'M GLAD

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,  
And the earth is painted green—  
With such a lot of nice fresh air  
All sandwiched in between!

FROM Mrs. C. Palmer, 1243 E. State St., Trenton, New Jersey, comes this reprint verse:

You in your house and I in mine,  
Miles apart in the day's design,  
But never a plan that you do not share,  
Your love makes my pathway straight and fair.

You in your place and I in mine,  
But our dreams may meet and our thoughts  
entwine,  
And always a light on the farthest hill,  
Where the lamp of your love keeps burning still.

I in your heart and you in mine,  
Forever through life's answering line,  
Till our two roads meet and our clasped  
hands fade  
In heaven's beckoning mystic shade.

ONE of our New England friends, Mrs. L. D. Phelps, 1245 Albany Ave., Hartford, Connecticut, sends us the following reprint contribution from her scrapbook:

Help a brother while he lives,  
Don't wait for him to die  
To show how much you cared for him,  
With mourners standing by.  
No funeral pomp can take the place  
Of a kindly word or deed,  
Should misfortune be his lot  
And the brother be in need.  
No eulogistic praise e'er writ  
Or flower on his bier  
Can help a brother when he's dead,  
So help him while he's here.

No man's so great but the day may come  
When misfortune's chilly blast  
Will wreck his fondest hopes and aims  
And shadow o'er him cast,  
When he will need a kindly hand  
To help him on his way,  
When fighting life's tempestuous seas  
To a brighter, happier day.  
A crust of bread is better far  
A starving man to any  
Than a monument of bronze or stone  
Erected o'er his grave.

So help a brother while he lives,  
Don't wait for him to die  
To show how much you cared for him,  
With tears that dim the eye;  
For when his span of life is run  
And he sleeps the eternal sleep,  
He needs no help from mortal man.  
God has him in His keep.



## SERVE LIPTON'S

Almost any time is tea-time—and for extra taste pleasure serve Lipton's.

You'll enjoy the distinctive aromatic flavor and the "plus" quality that Yellow Label tea brings to your table. Try some today.

# LIPTON'S TEA

Yellow Label,  
Orange Pekoe,  
also Green Japan



THE LIONESS  
IN  
DANIEL'S DEN

JOANNA'S CUNNING SEEMED TOO MUCH  
FOR SCILLA'S DIRECTNESS. BUT FORTU-  
NATELY DAN HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR  
BY MILDRED CORNELIUS TILLEY

AT seventeen minutes after five, Priscilla Day began tapping the toe of one small sandal warningly on the sidewalk. At five-eighteen, she frowned at her watch. At exactly five-twenty, she found herself staring up, round-eyed, into the stern face of a lean, careless young man who was saying loudly, "Listen, youse, I know ya. Yer Lucky Duke's moll. Don't try kiddin' me, girlie."

Scilla forgot her annoyance of a moment before and matched the strange behavior of the young man. Happily adopting what she considered the manner and posture of a gun moll, she said, "Is zat so, mugg? Well, Lucky's in star, see, and if ya know what's good fer ya . . ."

Her voice trailed off into silence when she saw that the "mugg" was not alone. Beside him stood a cool, sleek young woman looking only faintly amused.

"Quite a scene you two have worked up," said the sleek one, giving Scilla a look which made her suddenly try to stretch her five feet, three inches to a dignified height.

"Oh, Scilla," the young man said offhandedly, dropping his sinister role, "you remember Joanna Hunt."

Priscilla did.

"JOANNA has graciously consented to decorate the new hangout for me," he went on. "She has the little nest all worked out in a bunch of sketches. I wanted you to see



From behind a low, modernistic davengort, with a screech a hidden fiddle bow and a clang of cowbells, a strange apparition rose—Don's idea of a mural

'em, because, after all, you really discovered the dump."

"I've always wanted a chance to do a bachelor apartment as it really ought to be done," said Joanna smoothly.

"You know, Dan, you're really doing *me* a favor, letting me practice on your new place. Don't you think so, Miss Day?"

"M-m-m," said Scilla unhappily.

"Look, I thought we could all have dinner together now, the three of us, and talk over the plans," said Dan. "The boss has just sprung a new account on me, Scilla. Wants rhymes in every ad. Means I have to work day and night, practically. So Joanna is taking over, in toto. She thinks it'll be fun, poor girl. Strange people, these artists."

Scilla tried to smile.

Joanna also tried.

Joanna succeeded

As they moved on up the street in search of a restaurant, Scilla unhappily recalled the circumstances of finding the much-discussed apartment.

**S**CILLA had seen the FOR RENT sign first, at the entrance to a cozy little alley. And because she and Dan felt very gay that Sunday afternoon, though neither of them had any notion of moving, they elected to look at the STUDIO APT. thus advertised.

It proved to be a stable loft, long since bereft of hay and harness. The unusual dimensions, windows looking out on a tiny courtyard—everything about the place had appealed to Dan, and so, when they left, he was poorer by a half month's rent.

He and Scilla had swept and cleaned all one long Saturday, and Scilla had been commissioned to look for curtains and odd bits of furniture.

"And now," thought Scilla bitterly, "it will all be spoiled by this fashion artist woman who's on home territory anyway—in Dan's office. She'll probably try to decorate Dan, too, and he's just right as he is. If she tries to slick him up—well, I'll—"

Scilla's ruminations were interrupted as Joanna stopped before an expensive restaurant.

"Let's eat here, Dan," she suggested. "It's quiet and the service is good."

Scilla's eyes widened. Didn't Joanna know about Dan's preference for lunch counters? Didn't she know that Dan's pockets were seldom well lined except on paydays? But Joanna was moving toward the unobtrusive entrance and Dan didn't even hesitate.

WHEN they were seated, Joanna launched into a discussion of decorations. Dan became absorbed in Joanna's sketches. And Scilla alone examined the menu. She gulped when she saw the prices.

"The filet mignon Trianon is very good, sir," the waiter murmured to Dan.



"Was Hust-Joanna-I . . ." Selita began bravely. She wasn't prepared for the bitter look Joanna turned on her. "Congratulations!" Joanna's voice was harsh. "I suppose this was your idea!"

I L L U S T R A T E D B Y C . J . M c C A R T H Y

"Fine idea," Dan agreed without looking up. "How does that suit you girls? A good steak all round."

"With all the fixings," he added to the waiter.

"I," said Scilla clearly, "want a fried egg sandwich."

The waiter looked flustered.

"An omelet . . ." he began hopefully

"You heard the young lady," Dan rebuked, looking sternly at the waiter and winking. "She ordered an egg

fresh from its white shell, fried, or

"And make mine the same," he added.

And make mine the 88  
 Joanne looked annoyed.

"At the windows," she said in a cold voice after the waiter had taken the orders for two sandwiches and one filet mignon, "I'd like to have draperies in a modern pattern."

Dan turned to her, but not before he had grinned understandingly straight into Scilla's sparkling eyes.

FROM then on, Joanna took charge of the conversation. Whenever Dan tried to pull *(Please turn to page 8)*

WHEN YOU'RE

# Peach Hungry

OPEN A CAN OF CHIMES BRAND,  
THE 'FANCY' CALIFORNIA PACK

## Isn't This True?

While CHIMES California Peaches are preferable for every kind of peach dish, it's when you serve them by themselves that you appreciate most their beautiful appearance, pleasing bouquet, and real peach flavor. And CHIMES California Peaches have all three.



CALIFORNIA Peaches are packed in several different grades: The highest grade is 'Fancy.'

CHIMES Brand is 'Fancy.' That means top quality: Big perfect full-ripe peach halves (or luscious slices)

in extra heavy syrup. Full of flavor. Full of goodness.

If you want the pick of California's peach crop... packed in the 'Fancy' way... be sure you get CHIMES Brand. Try them and see for yourself!

For sale in the best stores

# CHIMES FANCY California PEACHES

## THE LIONESS IN DANIEL'S DEN

(Continued from page 7)

Scilla into the discussion of fabrics and furniture, Joanna would thrust her out again with a question neatly directed at Dan alone. Valiantly Scilla tried to keep up with the talk.

"What are you going to do with all this blank wall space?" she asked once, pointing to a detail of one of the sketches.

"I thought I'd get your idea on that, Dan," Joanna said quickly.

"How about a mural?" Dan suggested gravely after examining the drawing.

"Oh, Dan, I'd love to try it!" Joanna said enthusiastically. "Something in brilliant colors. And now about this doorway—"

"Hey, wait a minute, Joanna!" Dan exclaimed, interrupting her. "Stay away from that doorway until we get this mural ironed out—that is, if you can iron out a mural."

"Why not just leave it to me, Dan?" Joanna countered. "I'll make up some sketches . . ."

"No, you just leave it to me," Dan suggested. "Maybe I'll reserve the space for autographs."

"He's heard about the hand-writing on the wall," Scilla explained sweetly.

"But let me at least plan the colors, Dan," Joanna urged, ignoring Scilla.

"No—I want to surprise you, Toots," Dan replied. "By the way, may I call you Toots?" He arched an eyebrow at Joanna.

"Query Toots," Scilla corrected gently.

"Oh, all right," said Joanna impatiently. "but whatever you do with that wall, let me see a sketch first."

SCILLA was to remember this command some weeks later, on the evening of Dan's housewarming.

During his preparations for it, she had not seen him at all. He had called her on the phone and excused his absence by pleading work and more work.

"But it's really Joanna," Scilla warned herself.

So she spent two weeks' salary and two careful hours on her appearance that evening—only to have time and money turn to bitter ashes when Joanna, at the door of Dan's new home, greeted her condescendingly with "How sweet you look, dear?"

Scilla caught sight of Dan at the other end of the room, the center of a laughing group.

"I'm sure you know everyone here," said Joanna, nonchalantly dismissing her.

Glancing around, Scilla saw no one she knew—or, she thought gloomily, anyone she wanted to know. "Joanna's guest list," she said to herself.

The problem of the mural remained to be solved, she noticed. Nothing filled the wall she had seen in Joanna's sketch that night in the restaurant. To Scilla it seemed dull years instead of weeks since that carefree day when she and Dan had stumbled on this same apartment, now so changed.

"NO pretty girl should ever look so gloomy," a gruff voice beside her remarked. She looked up into the cheerfully pink face of a white-haired old gentleman.

"Not that I blame you much," he went on in a confidential tone. "It *doesn't* look like Dan, does it?"

"It was his own idea," Scilla said miserably.

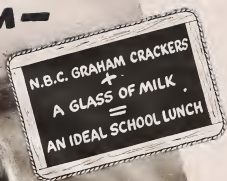
"Oh no, it wasn't, my dear. See that Greek goddess over there? Name's Joanna Hunt—accent on the Hunt. Most of this—" he waved a pudgy hand—"was her idea. Doesn't suit Dan. Smart girl, but she'll never learn that real life isn't so slick as her own drawings. She believes 'em. Makes her a good artist, but not very easy."

Scilla blinked at him.

(Please turn to page 12)



# A SIMPLE SUM—



IT'S the special blend of natural graham flour that makes N.B.C. Graham Crackers such a wholesome treat for children. These crackers contain the nourishing food elements that growing bodies need.

Always include N.B.C. Grahams in the school lunch. Made into delicious sandwiches with jam or peanut butter—or just plain, they are a great favorite with children.

You can identify genuine N.B.C. Graham Crackers by the red package. Your grocer has them in 3 sizes—but you'll find it pays to buy the big one pound package.

To assure you fresh crackers and cookies National Biscuit Company operates ovens from coast-to-coast and from the Gulf to Canada. Every grocery store in the country is within one day's journey of a National Biscuit Company bakery.



A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY  
bakers of Shredded Wheat, Uneeda Biscuit, Ritz and other favorites



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LEWIS MILESTONE

KATHARINE HEBURN

MYRNA LOY

GRACE MOORE

HELEN WILLIS MOODY

JOAN BENNETT

ALICE MARBLE

GINGER ROGERS

GEORGE GERSHWIN

RAMONA

ANN SOTHERN

JACK BENNY

MARY LIVINGSTONE

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

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LAWRENCE LEBRETT

CONSTANCE BENNETT

FRED ASTAIRE

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

EDDIE CANTOR

JAMES CAGNEY

CAROLE LOMBARD

CLARK GABLE

KENDALL MILESTONE

BING &amp; DIXIE CROSBY

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SR.

LORETTA YOUNG

## —BUT THE MEMOIR LINGERS ON

OUR FIRST FIVE YEARS ARE ENDED, BUT NOT THE RECOLLECTIONS

OF THEIR HAPPY EXPERIENCES

BY HARRY EVANS

FIVE years it has been. Seems hard to believe, but it is. I started to say five long years, but that would not be true, because they have been the five shortest and happiest years of my life.

I'll never forget our first issue. It was distributed through just one group of stores, those of the Sausitz Grocery Company, which does business in and around Washington, Baltimore, and Richmond. And I certainly will not forget the day I went down to Washington to sell the idea of the magazine to Edward G. Yonker, Sausitz's president.

It took a lot of explaining and discussing,

but Mr. Yonker finally said, "All right—I'll take a chance. If you do what you say you'll do, the magazine is a good idea."

What we promised to do was publish a magazine which would be read by the people who patronized Mr. Yonker's grocery stores. All I had to show him at that time was a dummy of the magazine, made up of different types of articles, stories, and so on. He said it looked all right to him, but that he was not the doctor. We were the magazine experts. So go ahead and expect.

The man who had helped me work out the format and general make-up of the magazine, and did the art work, was Fred G.

Cooper, one of the finest commercial artists in America. And one of the grandest men I have ever known. He and his wife and daughter still read every issue, and he is always ready with a priceless bit of advice or a word of encouragement.

After Fred and I had worked out the final dummy, he advised me to try it out on somebody whose opinion meant more to me than the opinion of any other person in the writing field. So I chose O. O. McIntyre. And why not? He had been writing to people outside the largest metropolitan areas—the real American public—for years. His readers were the ones I wanted to reach. So I

phoned him, told him what I had in mind, and asked if I might come over.

"Can you drop in for a skillet breakfast tomorrow morning?" he asked. Indeed I could. And the next forenoon I found myself seated in his Park Avenue apartment, wading through a mess of ham and eggs country style and a stack of wheat cakes, in the company of two of God's own chullun.

Meaning Old and his wife Maybelle. After breakfast, they sat quietly looking at the magazine dummy together. Every now and then one would point out something to the other. I sat there holding my breath. (Please turn to page 16)

Sunday

Crab Meat Cocktail  
Breast of Veal Stuffed with  
Browned Rice  
Baked Pears Gravy  
More Browned Rice  
Harvard Beets  
Mixed Greens Salad with  
American Dressing  
Rolls Butter  
Lemon Chiffon Tarts  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Monday

Shepherd's Pie  
Buttered Whole Carrots  
Lettuce Slices with  
Thousand Island Dressing  
Hot Muffins Butter  
Fruit Compote Cookies  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Tuesday

Boston Baked Beans with  
Bacon Strips  
Chili Sauce Sweet Pickles  
New England Calf Slow  
Steamed Brown Bread  
Butter  
Apple Pie Cheese  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Wednesday

Baked Ham Slices in Milk  
String Bean Succotash  
Catsup Apples  
Corn Bread Sticks Butter  
Melba Peaches with  
Marshmallow Tap  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

## Sue Sutton's Menus AND TASTE- TESTED RECIPES

Thursday

Steamed Stuffed Cabbage  
Escalloped Tomatoes  
Shredded Raw Carrot  
Salad with Mayonnaise  
Bread Butter  
Prune Pudding  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Friday

Cream of Tomato Soup  
Paprika Crackers  
Deviled Salmon  
Buttered Green Peas  
Pickles, Green Olives,  
Radishes, and Carrot Strips  
Bread Butter  
Gingerbread with Bananas  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Saturday

Italian Delight  
Lettuce o la Venice  
Hard Rolls Jam Butter  
Cream Puffs with Whipped  
Cream and Fruit Filling  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

### ITALIAN DELIGHT

Serve with a green salad

- |                                   |                             |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 8-ounce package<br>wide noodles | 2 cups shoe peg corn        |
| 1 medium-size onion               | 1 small can tomato<br>paste |
| 2 tablespoons<br>shortening       | 1 can tomato soup           |
| 1 pound ground<br>round steak     | Salt                        |
| ½ pound ground<br>pork steak      | Pepper                      |
|                                   | ½ pound American<br>cheese  |

Cook noodles in boiling salted water, about 20 minutes, until tender; drain. Sauté chopped onion in hot melted shortening; add meat; and brown well. Add corn, tomato paste, tomato soup, and seasonings to taste. In greased casserole or baking dish, arrange alternate layers of noodles, meat mixture, and grated cheese. Top with cheese; bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes, or until thoroughly heated and the cheese is melted. Serves 6 to 8.

### STEAMED STUFFED CABBAGE

Always a favorite

- |                               |                                |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 pound ground<br>round steak | ½ teaspoon mace                |
| 2 tablespoons<br>shortening   | 1 cup day-old bread<br>crafter |
| 1 small onion                 | ½ cup milk                     |
| 1 teaspoon salt               | 1 egg                          |
| ½ teaspoon pepper             | 3-pound head cabbage           |
|                               | 2 cups hot water               |

Brown meat in shortening with sliced onion; season with salt and pepper. Add mace, bread crumbs, milk, egg; mix well. Cut a slice off top of cabbage; hollow out inside of cabbage, leaving a thin shell. Pack lightly with stuffing, filling about ¾ full. Tie in a cheesecloth to preserve shape. Place in large kettle; add water; and bring to boiling point. Cover tightly and allow to steam for 1 hour, or until cabbage is tender. Serves 6 to 8.

## THE LIONESS IN DANIEL'S DEN

(Continued from page 8)

"He's Santa Claus in a tuxedo," she told herself. "I'm seeing things. Hearing them, too."

But she smiled up at him and he beamed, as most men did when Scilla smiled at them. "No, I guess I really did hear all that. He looks too substantial for a spirit," Scilla conceded to herself.

She was relieved, nevertheless, when some newcomers claimed his attention and she could slip away.

Though she felt dull and lonely, she tried to act as if she were enjoying the party hugely.

"The good old Pagniacchi stuff," she thought grimly.

Then suddenly everything was all right—Dan was at her side.

"Scilla," he shouted happily. "Gee, I'm glad to see you. How grand you look! I've been working. It's the horrid truth."

SCILLA looked up at him, anxiously trying to detect any evidences of Joanna's influence. She noted unhappily that his hair was cut in a new style, that the careless forelock had been subdued. His tie was perfect, too—not slightly awry as usual.

"Wait till you see the show," Dan was saying enthusiastically. "Remember that wall space we talked about? Well, we've worked out something pretty spectacular for that."

"Oh, it isn't up yet," he explained as Scilla turned, surprised, to see if she had overlooked the mural.

"You'll have to wait. That comes later," explained Dan.

Then he turned to greet a guest. "Hello, Lee," he said.

"Scilla, this is Mr. Lee," Dan introduced the smiling young man. "Another bemused copywriter."

"And Lee," she heard Dan say, "this is Miss Scilla Day—or, if you want to be formal, Sweet Scilla."

"At last I meet someone appropriately named, Miss Sweet Scilla," said Lee.

But Scilla's eyes were on Dan as he moved away, stopping to talk to one group and another, leaving little whirlpools of laughter behind him.

"I had always thought our Daniel most inappropriately named," said Lee, skillfully angling for Scilla's attention, "until I found the lioness actually decorating his den."

"The lioness," the young man pointed out, "belongs to the cat family."

"Do tell me more," murmured Scilla. "I just love nature study! Perhaps you know the one about the grasshopper and the ant?"

"Oh, I can tell that one in French," said Lee, carelessly. "But—" he looked over Scilla's head toward the center of the room—something seems to be about to happen. Shall we investigate?"

JOANNA, standing on a low chair, was trying to make herself heard. There were cries of "Hear, hear!" and "Silence, please, for the lady."

"This is in the nature of an unveiling," she began when the room was fairly quiet.

"You wouldn't think she'd admit it," whispered Lee, but Scilla silenced him with a frown.

"When we were planning what Dan calls his 'attic'—Joanna emphasized the 'we'—this wall space became a problem." She gestured toward the side of the room. "We couldn't decide what to do about decorating it. But finally Dan got an idea, and worked it out all alone. So now he has a little surprise for you. And it will be just as much of a surprise to me, too, because I haven't been able to get him to tell me a thing about it. Light! Camera! Action!"

(Please turn to page 24)

CLAYBANK



Here's for  
**FRESHER  
SALADS**

## **FISHER FOODS**

CLEVELAND-OWNED

**"CHAMPIONS OF  
GOOD LIVING"**



- Remember, your salad is only as fresh as the dressing you use!

Fisher's do a number of things to guarantee the absolute freshness of Green n' Gold Salad Dressing. It's dated (just as any perishable food should be) . . . but more important, we make it in our own kitchens in downtown Cleveland and only as fast as our stores can sell it. Small shipping units and constant checking of store stocks make it impossible for Green n' Gold Salad Dressing to "sit around too long."

*It's just as fresh as the vegetables!*

THERE was a time when one's fellow man could not be entirely trusted, and in order to be sure of one's food, it was necessary to eat in solitary splendor. But we don't have that worry any longer, and what's more, we've discovered that there is much pleasure to be had in sharing good food and conversation around a table.

Since there is probably nothing in the home which so reflects the personality and general ability of a hostess as the table, it should always do her credit when set for the family or guests. If the silver is placed correctly, if the linen is appropriate, and if the food is properly served, the hostess feels perfectly poised and confident.

But perfection is never achieved without some effort, and so before the party starts, let's review the main points.

**CHOOSING TABLE LINEN**—Nowadays there is a lot of leeway in the matter of table linen and table setting. For breakfast and "brunch," everything may be quite gay (with clever designs, place mats, or colorful cloths), and pottery dishes may be used. For luncheon, we may still use the hand-woven peasant linens, checked gingham, and cotton

twenty-four inches. They are placed to the left of the fork, with the open corner nearest the plate. When in use, the napkin is halfway unfolded and placed across the lap. The smaller napkins are necessarily completely unfolded. And just a word about napkin etiquette. A one-meal guest leaves his napkin unfolded on the table, but for the guest who is privileged to enjoy yet another meal, it is more courteous to the hostess to fold the napkins.

**CENTERPIECE AND CANDLE**—There should be some sort of centerpiece—fruit or flowers—on the table at every meal. Take care that floral pieces are low enough so that your guests can see across the table, just a few blossoms in a flat bowl are most attractive and won't interfere either with the sight of the guests or the looks of the table. Sometimes, when flowers are sky-high in price, a small potted plant, a few bright gourds, or quaint little figures may be attractively arranged.

Candles have their place on the dinner table or buffet supper table, but whenever used, they must be lighted. The principle is that when the sun is lighting the world, we have no need for candles, even if we have long to display some lovely holders at a luncheon. Save their glory for the dinner hour, when the soft glow of candlelight makes women attractive and conversation flows.

**SILVER FOR THE TABLE**—Up to this point we may express our individuality, but when we consider silverware, there are certain rules and regulations which must be followed. The well-polished silver pieces are like so many soldiers who have to "Column right!" and "Column left!" at command, and aren't allowed to break ranks. Fortunately, silver is placed in a most sensible way, according to its use, with the pieces

to be used first on the outside, and then in order toward the plate. In the West, for example, where the salad is often served as an opening course, or before the main course, the salad fork is at the left of the dinner fork. In the East, and other sections where salads follow the main course, the fork naturally takes its place to the right of the dinner fork.

Silver is placed on the table for only the courses which precede dessert. Forks (with the exception of the cocktail fork) go to the left of the plate, and all knives and spoons to the right. The blades of the knives turn toward the plate, and all silver should be in a straight line, about one inch or less from the edge of the table. In no case should there be more than three forks or two knives at a cover. If more silver is needed, it should be placed just before the course in which it is used. Bread-and-butter spreaders rest across the edge of the small bread-and-butter plates, vertically or horizontally.



**SERVING SILVER**—If serving is to be done at the table, the essential tools are placed to the right of the server, grouped parallel to the table service—tablespoons for vegetables, a ladle for soup, and the carving knife and fork. Salt and pepper shakers take their place in front of each place, or between covers for two guests.

**GLASSES**—The water tumbler or goblet is placed above the tip of the dinner knife, and if other glasses are used, they are placed to the right of the water glass, or in a line slanted to the right. Because we do like to have our water cold, wait until just before the guests are seated, or immediately afterwards, before pouring it into the glasses.

Three-quarters of a glass is correct, and refilling is done from the right of the guest, never lifting the glass from the table.



**ABOUT CHINA**—In the matter of china, the wise hostess will consider her supply and use it accordingly. If she has lovely salad plates, for example, but nary a cocktail glass or fork, she will serve salad as an opening course. In this way she will keep everything correct, she will suffer no discomfiture from misfits or borrowed additions, and her husband will think she is mighty clever to manage it all so smoothly. The kind of china and pottery which can be used are endless. Like the table coverings, we keep our bright and colorful things for breakfast and morning occasions, and use our more showy pieces for luncheons and dinners.

Incidentally, we don't want to forget service plates, for they are becoming more popular for semi-formal occasions. They are large plates, slightly larger than dinner plates, and they may or may not match the dinner china. Service plates are on the table before the guests are seated. For highly formal occasions, the place before the guest is never left bare, being always covered by a plate.

**SERVING DINNER**—There are three types of service. When the English, or fam-

ily, style is used, the food is served at the table by the host or hostess, or both. For the combination, or mixed, service, the soup, salad, and dessert may be served from the kitchen, or often the hostess serves the dessert. The Russian service requires a maid, for the food is either placed before the guest, or plates are set down in front of them, and food is what they may help themselves to.

It is possible for the hostess to manage the serving of a dinner without help, and to do it very nicely, too. By having the first course on the table and choosing something cold like a fruit cup, cold consommé, or salad, the dinner is off to a good start. Or an opening course of fruit juice or tomato juice with little canapés may be served in the living room. If it is served in the



living room, the hostess is free to complete last-minute touches to the dinner, while the host holds forth with the guests.

There are old enough children in the family, they can be trained to be helpful in serving and removing dishes. (Of course, it isn't good form for everyone to be so helpful that all the family jump up from the table between courses to remove dishes and leave the guests entirely to themselves!)

There are three proper ways for placing dishes on the table and removing them from it. In the left-hand service, all the placing, passing, and removing of dishes is done from the left of the guest, while in the right-hand service the procedure is just the opposite. There is the combination service, too,

in which plates are placed and passed at the left, and removed at the right. Beverages are always placed at the right, regardless of what service is used.

**WHO IS SERVED FIRST?**—The hostess may have the plates of food brought in from the kitchen, or if the host serves at the table, the plates are stacked in front of him. After he fills them, one by one they are passed to his right down the table. There is great disagreement as to who is to be served first—the hostess or a guest. One school holds that when the hostess is served first, she can set the example, especially when some unusual food is served. The other group claims that the hostess-first idea is one which is outmoded, since its original purpose was to assure guests that there was no poison in the food. Personally, we advise doing it whichever way seems more sensible for the occasion.

**THE DESSERT COURSE**—Before the dessert is served, all the dishes containing food, plates, and extra silver should be removed, and the table crumbed, using a small napkin and plate. Dishes are taken from the table in the order of their importance—the platter first, then the vegetable plates, and the dinner plates last. They are never stacked in front of guests, but are carried out individually, one in each hand. A small, attractive tray or dish may be used when removing the salt and pepper shakers and other small pieces.

Dessert may be brought in from the kitchen, or the dessert plates may be put in front of each guest and the dessert passed, the hostess may serve the dessert. The silver, usually a dessert fork and spoon, is brought in with the dessert and set before each guest.

**FAMOUS FOR PREVENTING CLOGGED SALTCELLARS!**

**MORTON'S**  
IODIZED SALT  
IT'S THE WAY TO HEALTHY FLAVOR

IODIZED OR FLAIN—WITH A SPOUT THAT WON'T TEAR OUT!

## SAFETY ISLES

*MY town has safety islands where you wait for trolleys without care. At one end, toward oncoming cars, a concrete wall recedes the jays should someone fail to turn aside, and try the safety isle to stride. And on each end is placed a light, so you can see the isle at night.*

*But on this wall are chips and cracks, which prove the isle gets lots of whacks by motorists whose speed is more important than what goes before. Thus the safety islands show their value to folks here below.*

*In life, we have our safety isles. Some kindly words or friendly smiles will turn aside the jays and bumps we'd get from folks who have the grampa. Another safety isle, we'll find, is keeping what is in our mind from being said, and then we'll lose no answers slung in our ear. And just to show the folks that we are trying hard to guarantee their safety against the bumps of life, we'll do our best to avoid strife. We'll keep our hand out friendly like to every Mary, Sue, and Mike. Then maybe we can be indeed a haven for this human breed (at least the part we meet each day)—and send it smiling on its way!*

—JOHN A. BOALES

—BUT THE MEMORY LINGERS ON  
(Continued from page 11)

Finally, Maybelle looked up and smiled. And when she smiles, you just know everything is okay. Then Odd walked over, handed me the dummy, and said,

"Kid, that ought to work." (He has called me Kid from the time we first met, ten years ago.) Naturally, I was delighted. But he soon soft-pedaled me.

"What I mean is," he went on, "it will work if you keep the formula the way you have it here—no off-color stuff—no scandal in your movie writing—and, above all, no patrolling air when you write about big shots. After all, you're a plain old Florida cracker. So keep on being one."

THE next people I consulted were my friends in the movies. Of course, some of them handed me the old build-up, with the usual movie adjectives. But others gave the idea some thought, and not only made suggestions but assured me that they would do anything possible to help. For instance: Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (they were married at that time) let us have a special picture of them taken for the first cover of *THE FAMILY CIRCLE*. They were in New York at the time, preparatory to sailing for Europe on the Bremen (it was the first time either of them had been abroad), when I showed them the dummy of the magazine. (Incidentally, their going-away party almost proved disastrous to a couple of women. When our party arrived at the Bremen, the crowd spotted Joan and Doug and made such a scramble to get at them that two women fainted in the crush,

and had to be dragged out before they were trampled on.)

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. was another celebrity who was a big help. Ran into him down at White Sulphur Springs during an Artists and Writers club golf tournament. He posed for several photographs with me, and told me a story about his experiences in China which I used for an article.

Two other men who went to considerable trouble for *THE FAMILY CIRCLE* were Eddie Cantor and Ben Bernie. Eddie took most of a day to have pictures taken of himself in a Santa Claus outfit for the first Christmas issue. Ben took time off one day to have pictures taken with me to illustrate an article, though he was busy doing four shows a day at the Capital Theatre, and a broadcast in between.

However, when I look back on the early friends of *THE FAMILY CIRCLE*, the name of Freddie March always sticks out in my mind. For two particular reasons. The first was a wire he sent me when the first issue was published. It said, "As movie critic on *Life*, you have always characterized your reviews by a sympathy for the performers. My Hollywood friends and I have often discussed this point. The first issue of *THE FAMILY CIRCLE* indicates that you are also going to adopt this attitude in your interviews with screen players. If you do treat us with this consideration, you can be sure that we will trust you and that you will have no trouble getting any information you want. And there is this to be said also. If your magazine goes in for clean, honest facts, and avoids scandal and hearsay, it will be welcome to Hollywood. And I am very certain that there is a large audience waiting for the kind of movie writing which you can leave around the house and know it is all right for the children to read."

A SHORT while after this, Freddie came to New York with his wife Florence, and their adopted daughter Penelope. To prove he meant what he had said in his wire, he invited me up to meet Pennie, and told me all the details of her adoption. It was the first and, as far as I know, the only time he told this story to any writer. I only wish I could repeat it here in detail, but there's not enough space. I'd like, however, to recall the last part of it. Florence had decided to adopt a certain little boy after long deliberation, and after visiting every reputable foundlings' home in the country. One day Florence and Freddie went to the home which sheltered the child in order to arrange the legal details. As Florence bent over the little fellow for a last look before signing the papers, there was a ooo from a crib over in the corner. Instinctively, Florence straightened up, and just as instinctively she walked straight to the crib in the corner and looked down at a chubby little angel, with ringlets for a halo, and a smile which seemed to light up the room. As Florence looked closer, the tiny girl held up two dimpled arms and smiled. In a moment Florence was on her knees, the small arms around her neck. As she arose, Freddie was standing beside her. Their eyes were misty as they smiled at each other. Silently Florence's hand sought Freddie's and they turned toward the nurse. But there was no need to tell her. She knew that even though it wasn't a boy, Florence and Freddie had found their baby.

Since then they have taken a little boy, too

They call him Tony. Last year I visited them in Hollywood, and I have never seen parents more devoted to their children than the Marches are to their Pennie and Tony.

THERE have been other happy memories during these past five years—and many friendships which began with *FAMILY CIRCLE* interviews. There is Kay Francis. I liked her from the first moment I saw her, and admired her when, in my first official interview, she did not want to talk about herself, but spent the entire time telling me how shamefully some of the older stage actors and actresses were treated in Hollywood. I printed her thoughts on the subject, and the article created plenty of comment.

Kay gave me another interesting slant when I went to see her in Hollywood one afternoon. Not long before, she had been asked, rather preemptorily, to give a well known columnist an interview at the studio. At the moment she was getting ready for an especially difficult scene—had been rehearsing it over and over for hours. So she said she was sorry but she had herself all worked up to do the scene properly, and did not want to be interrupted. She'd be glad to see the columnist later. Which was certainly reasonable enough. Nevertheless, this writer stalked off the set, all insulted, and immediately sent his paper a story in which he said that Kay Francis was upstage, conceited, and lacked consideration for the press.

Discussing this with me, Kay said, "Now let's just reverse the procedure. Suppose I tried to crash into this writer's office while he was getting a piece finished to go to press. Would he invite me in and knock off work? He would not. He would probably have me thrown out on my ear."

ANOTHER dear friend, made through my association with *THE FAMILY CIRCLE*, is Irene Dunne. Never miss seeing her when she is in New York. This department is rather proud because it suggested that Miss Dunne has a keen sense of humor and a fine feeling for comedy long before the movies discovered the fact and gave her a shot at such pictures as "Theodora Goes Wild." Grand girl, Irene. And I'll never forget the evening that a party was being given for Marion Davies in an apartment at the Ambassador Hotel. In the midst of the gaiety, I happened to wander into the library, and there was Irene's husband, Dr. Francis H. Griffin, quietly reading a book on psychology. There's a guy who is not likely to be upset by a lot of Hollywood (or New York) hoop-de-do.

All movie writers like actors who are easy to interview. None I have met is more easy to approach than Robert Montgomery. The reason is simple. He remembers details and can repeat them to you so clearly and interestingly that all you have to do is take down his conversation. Bob was another lad who came through for me when the magazine was getting under way. Made it a point to call me up whenever he came to New York. I never will forget the summer when he and his wife Betty, who were vacationing at their farm in Putnam County, New York, invited me up for a week end. I later learned I was the first screen reporter who had ever been to their guest. Very fond of their privacy, those two. And headstrong about their independence!

Once a certain magazine sent a well known



writer out to California to interview Bob. When this woman arrived, the press agent who handled Bob's publicity was all awither. He rushed into Bob's dressing room on the set, pasting, "She's here! She's here! That woman from New York—the writer. What'll I do?" Bob told him to send her in, and try not to get apoplexy meantime. So in they marched the famous reporter, with much bowing and scraping. Bob greeted her cordially, thanked her for coming out, and asked what he could do for her.

"Well, Mr. Montgomery," she declared, full of business, as she opened her bag and pulled out a pad and pencil, "my magazine wants to know your opinion of the modern college woman. We think it will be a most interesting slant."

Bob peered at her closely, waited to see if she had anything to add, and then replied good-naturedly, "Remember me? I'm Montgomery—the music actor. What do I know about college women, modern or ancient?"

The reporter said that was what her magazine wanted, and that was what she intended to get. Bob arose, "I'm afraid I am wasting your time," he said. "I'm sorry. It was most complimentary of your magazine to think I cover so much territory, but I don't. Anything about myself or the movies, okay. College girls—why, what would my wife say?"

The reporter was furious. She retorted that she had never known any screen actor to refuse to answer any kind of question, if it meant getting his name in *her* magazine. But she went back to New York—without the story.

**T**HERE are two stories about Bob which may bear repeating. Both happened in elevators, and I happened to be with him on each occasion.

One afternoon we got into an elevator on one of the upper floors of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where Bob was stopping. There were three elderly ladies in the elevator, and after one of them had taken a good look at Bob, she turned to the others and whispered. The other two looked, and then they all whispered. I was watching this out of the corner of my eye, and I gave Bob a little nudge. When the elevator reached the lobby floor, we stood aside for the ladies to get out. Instead, they stood there, rather irresolutely, until one, who had evidently been appointed spokesman, misread simply over to Bob and said,

"I beg your pardon, young man, but my friends and I have been having an argument. Are you or are you not Buddy Rogers?"

The second incident occurred at the St. Moritz Hotel, where I was staying. After lunching on the roof, we entered an elevator, and as the car started down, a red light showed on the indicator for the twenty-second floor. So the elevator boy stopped the car, opened the door, and waited. No one got in, so he shut the door and started down. A light showed for the eighteenth floor, and he stopped again. Same thing. Nobody there. So he slammed the door and started down again, muttering audibly to himself. At the tenth he was again stopped by a light. By now all the people in the car were looking at one another and giggling. This time the boy opened the door slowly, and then suddenly thrust his head out and glanced swiftly up and down the corridor, which was empty.

(Please turn to page 20)

**Pickles that please 'em..**  
*especially in  
school lunches!*



**C**HILDREN AND HUSBANDS vote unanimously for Libby's HomeMade Style Pickles. Crisp fat cucumber slices, put up with celery seeds and onion, they taste for all the world like those that grandmother used to make. They "go" with everything . . . all kinds of meats, and sandwiches, and salads. And they certainly make a hit in the children's school-day lunches!

**Libby's** **HOMEMADE STYLE  
PICKLES**

# BACKBONE STARCHER

HER MOST FAMOUS CASE WAS WOODROW WILSON—AND NOW SHE HELPS CURE "MIRROR MARTYRS" • BY STEWART ROBERTSON



With the same courage and energy with which she solved her own troubles, Margy Steton now helps other people solve theirs. Seventeen years ago she was weak and disabled, having been crippled in youth. But then she got her magic touch, one of which she is holding

"THERE are too many mirror martyrs in this world," said the intense little person in the brightly flowered dress. "There are too many long and gloomy faces frowning at themselves until the whole of this beautiful, fascinating globe is blocked out—and the first thing you know it's 'Oh, me!' and 'Oh, my!' and they're looking for a shoulder to weep on. But if they pick mine, I don't sob with them. Instead, I'm likely to hurt their feelings—and that's the first step toward a cure."

So says the woman who has whetted the curiosity of floundering New Yorkers by running the following advertisement in daily newspapers: *Have you a personal problem to be solved? Let an expert help you. Margy Steton, Shelton Hotel.* Results seem to prove that the supposedly self-sufficient and sophisticated denizens of what some frustrated soul called the City of Insoberance are no different from the inhabitants of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota. Boy, have they got troubles! You don't know the half of it, and neither do I, but the chances are that Margy Steton does.

Telephone conversation with Miss Steton made me visualize a vibrant personality abrim with life, and she is all of that, but on reaching the Shelton it was a bit surprising to discover that she has a crippled leg and has to use a cane when she walks. (I learned later that her leg was crippled in childhood, because of the carelessness of a nurse.) "Come right on in and rest your hat," said one of the more pleasing Southern accents, and as its owner stood there practically crackling with energy, I decided that the disablement must be done with mirrors. It certainly doesn't count.

"Of course, you'll want to know where I was born," suggested Miss Steton. "TARBORO, NORTH CAROLINA. Please put it in capitals. I could make a speech about that place, but you wouldn't have room for anything else, so I'll just say that a former president of the Colonial Dames (who wasn't born there) called it the most aristocratic town in the whole country. Where have I learned about people? Well, at school and business college in Norfolk, Virginia, and working for Henry Holt & Company, the publishers, in Boston, where I also conducted a dancing school in the evenings. Then, too, I've been with the Fuller Construction Company at Wilmington, North

Carolina, sold Steinway pianos in New York, run a tearoom at Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, and art studios at Tanjung, California.

"When I was abroad one year, I ran up north of Scotland to the Orkney Islands and obtained the United States agency for some of the famous Fair Isle shawls and sweaters. All the next summer I hopped Pullmans with them. I've been publicity agent for the Hay-Adams House and the Lafayette Hotel, both in Washington, D. C., and I've also been a columnist on the Washington Herald. That's where I got the urge to straighten out people's troubles, because so many wrote to me about their problems that we used to hold personal problem luncheons every week. I'm fond of our human race, and I've seen a lot of it because my stepfather, John T. Reid, was treasurer of the Atlantic Coast Line, and naturally we had passes to travel on all other railroads.

"SO after that variety of experience," continued Miss Steton, "when a man comes in to groan about his mother-in-law, as one did the other day, I don't give him the kind of advice that consists of putting something in the dragon's tea, or paying for a ticket to Zanzibar—no matter how highly he'd approve. When this particular client began to pour out his troubles, I stopped him with, 'Your posture's all wrong, my dear man; your body balance is off. Possibly you're wearing badly fitting shoes.' Of course, he grew rather indignant. 'My posture's my own,' he snapped. 'Precisely,' I told him, 'and so are your troubles. But you should know that if you sag like that, it affects your health, and inevitably your disposition. Things—mothers-in-law among them—get distorted. And now, tell me all about her.'

"Well, he sketched a pretty terrible picture, and I went back over the description with him to check it. 'A perfectly insignificant person,' I announced, and he agreed. 'And you,' I said, 'are an important executive—well dressed, good-looking, a go-getter, if I know the signs.' 'Right,' he said without smiling. (Oh, men are all alike!) 'Much too important to be flabbergasted by a mere mother-in-law.' I hinted, and you could just see his vanity begin to sprout. 'See-in-law comes home after dynamic day,' I went on,

'kisses wife, takes mother-in-law in unhampered stride, refusing to be tripped by trifles, and impresses all by his dignity and benevolence. Will you try that for a while?'

"He began to grin, and I knew I had him. 'Okay,' he promised, and then he looked at me in a puzzled fashion. 'I could have told myself all this, you know,' he said accusingly. 'Of course,' I told him, 'but you wouldn't. You'd rather be a mirror martyr. Now, remember about that posture, and don't let your rubber heels get run down again.' Two days later he telephoned to say the system was paying dividends."

ONE of the first things Miss Steton thrashes out with her clients is getting them to admit that if they should suddenly evaporate before the next pinking dawn, the world would keep turning serenely without them. This is a tough jolt for some of the resentful egomaniacs who want to use the universe for a pogo stick, but finally even they give in. Then they are gently maneuvered (at three bucks an hour, which is what Miss Steton charges for her advice) into seeing that the trouble is not with the world, but with themselves. Which is elementary, of course, but simplicity is exactly what's needed for those who have wandered into the maze of self-torture.

When Miss Steton sizes up a client as needing a practical, down-to-earth talk, that is what he gets. But for a neurotic Wall Street broker who lived in dread of another crash, she prescribed finger painting. The broker asked like a startled horse—he'd never heard of it—but after investing in a bucket of water and a supply of finger paints (which are soft muds in a variety of colors), he started quieting his nerves by manipulating the paint on paper with his fingers, nails, palms, or fists. Anything goes in finger painting. The results nearly always have a sort of rhythm, giving effects like the waves of the sea, grasses in the wind, forests, and clouds—and to some natures this dabbling in creation induces a healthy relaxation which no medicine could bring. Physicians are beginning to perk their ears, and the chances are that finger painting may be prescribed for you after your next nervous breakdown.

A woman whose increasing weight was beginning to make her wobble, voiced fears of the future until she learned that Helen of Troy was pleasingly plump, and that if she herself were placed on the scales in the flesh marts of perfumed Araby, frenzied sheiks probably would go as high as ten dollars a pound for her. (In other words, it's



not a crime to look as if you enjoyed your meals!) So, promising to give up any over-indulgence in sweets and starches, the hefty client went away happy and lived up to her promise, to her great benefit. Her mental readjustment as to her desirability kept her from making a hollow shell of herself on a starvation diet.

**M**ISS STATION has plenty of arrows to her bow. She has discovered that many a superstitious actress "at liberty" can be soothed by a little chat about numerology, and she is as well prepared to help a client add letters to her name (or discard them) as she is to sit down with a girl who has two hundred dollars to spend on her wedding, and wants to make it look as Park Avenue as possible.

Margy Station enters each new case with an unquenchable zest and works hard on it, yet she still finds time for much else. For one thing, she makes batik scarves, and for another, she is an expert in the new art of fresco. Several of her wall hangings in this medium of powdered pastel decorate Opportunity House in Washington, D. C. As a member of the League of Business and Professional Women, and a co-founder of the Perpetual Progress Foundation, of Washington (an organization which aims to stimulate interest in the development of education and human welfare), it seems to me that Miss Station touches life in an unusually large number of its phases. And for the benefit of those FAMILY CIRCLE readers who wrote me last winter about something I wrote about Count Saint Germain, it should be said that Margy Station has promised to enlighten me concerning that mysterious soul, as she is in constant communication with him.

**M**ISS STATION'S remarks about posture to the gentleman suffering from mother-in-law were not made facetiously. Seventeen years ago Miss Station was not bubbling with energy as she is today. She felt weak and dispirited, and her crippled leg was a burden to her. Then, when she was on a voyage overseas, a woman in an adjoining steamer chair gave her the address of a New York concern which later made her what she now calls her magic boots. Miss Station learned for the first time, through Matthew Hilgert of the Balanced Shoe Company (and the eighth generation of a family of shoemakers), that correct body balance is vitally necessary to maintain proper circulation of the blood—but that is another story.

The only part of it which I have space here to tell is that, rejuvenated, happy, and eager to tell others of her good fortune, Margy Station went forth to concentrate on helping the man who was at that time the world's most famous invalid—ex-President Woodrow Wilson. She went to Washington and talked with Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, Mr. Wilson's personal physician, but had no immediate success. That, however, was only the beginning of her campaign.

She had learned that Woodrow Wilson's right foot swung helplessly outward when he attempted to walk, and that it had to be pushed back into line by a Negro servant before every step. To Miss Station this indicated imperfect body balance. So, taking her courage in both hands, she stormed the Wilson house at 2340 S. Street, N. W., one autumn afternoon. She sent in her card

clipped to a letter she had received from Mrs. Wilson. The letter thanked her for her advice, but said that Dr. Grayson would have to be converted, as he had the final word. Miss Station was met at the Wilson home by John Randolph Bolling, Mrs. Wilson's favorite brother, who was so impressed and delighted with what the visitor had to tell (with herself as Exhibit A) that he and Mrs. Wilson kept her there for dinner, talking earnestly until a few minutes before Miss Station's train left for New York. From that evening, Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Bolling became Miss Station's allies, and many visits to S Street followed.

Week followed week (and I have read much of the correspondence, particularly the letters in Mrs. Wilson's generous hand) until the three of them gradually converted Dr. Grayson. One time when he was in New York, he invited Mr. Hilgert of the Balanced Shoe Company to visit the ex-President. Victory! From the very first day he wore them, Woodrow Wilson's magic boots were an aid and comfort to him in his distress. No longer did his foot swing uncontrolled, and he could stand alone.

**T**HAT was Margy Station's greatest triumph, but we ordinary voters interest her just as much. She has no cure-all, but as for approaches, she has a million of 'em. A week before this was written, she sat up most of the night with a beautiful girl bent on suicide. "I'm going to find a beautiful death," the girl said to her determinedly, and for two hours Margy Station was unable to change her mind. "Then I got angry," Miss Station recalled in telling me the story, "and I told her I wasn't going to let her beat me. She had been harping on beauty, so I switched to it myself. It was a hard pull, but I won her over with a flood of praise about her glowing personality. She was finally convinced that she would be cheating the world by depriving it of so much loveliness. She's perfectly normal now."

Another girl fought against an uncanny attraction toward a man she really feared. Matters had reached the point at which the tempter had almost got her to agree to marry him, and then the girl forced herself to quarrel with him. "But what will I

do?" she begged Miss Station. "We've quarreled before, and he always gets me to take him back, even though I'm terrified. He said he would call me tonight at six."

"When that telephone rings," said Margy Station, "don't you dare run away. Let it ring and ring—but don't you answer it! If you do, you're fished. But if you sit there, fighting and facing it, letting it ring itself out, he'll never have any power over you again." With this advice in her mind, the girl went through the ordeal without much hope, and was amazed to find that it worked.

**M**ARGY STATION has a habit of winning, and she's hard to get away from. She broke her good leg in 1922 while chasing a prospect for a thousand-dollar piano, but she got patched up and made the sale. And some of her clients give her a chuckle, as did the Washington woman who had been moaning about a series of rather nebulous troubles. Miss Station finally assured her that that year would prove to be one of her "power years" (which is a term she likes to use). A few hours later the woman telephoned.

"You told me this would be a power year for me," she twinkled, "and it certainly is beginning right. My dear, what do you suppose? After I left you, I went over to the Cooking Show, and my ticket number was called for one of the raffish prizes! Yes, darling, it's my power year sure enough—because I won a lovely new electric icebox!"

STATION'S SUCCESS IN

WOODROW WILSON  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

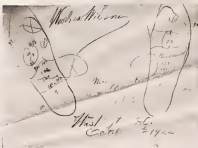
Feb. 1922

To dear Miss Station,

I want to give you the pleasure of expressing to you my deep sense of obligation that you should have taken as pleasure as I have in the success of my recovery and put yourself to so much wonderful trouble to suggest so fully with the facts about the shoes concerning which you wrote me. Wilson and those associates and have you ever fully explained to my brother-in-law, Dr. Bolling, last evening. Such kindness and friendship touch me deeply and cause the feeling of my present disability never to leave me. I thank you with all my heart.

May I not express the hope that your own recovery as happily begun may continue to progress rapidly and may lead to the complete and permanent obliteration of your ailment. With kindest regards and wishes, I wish Mrs. Wilson mine as, Sincerely Yours,

Woodrow Wilson



Woodrow Wilson personally typed many of his own letters, and above is the one he wrote to Margy Station, thanking her for her efforts to lessen his invalidism. (Left) The outline of Mr. Wilson's feet, drawn by the shoe expert who designed the boots which made it possible for Mr. Wilson to stand alone again. The second shoes built for Mr. Wilson cost twenty-five hundred dollars. Today the company usually charges about one hundred and fifty dollars for the first pair of balanced shoes for a client. After that, the charge is about fifty dollars a pair.

# Going Around

Round and round spins the pointed bit of the "Nole Pa," primitive Hawaiian drill, as its operator swiftly moves the crosspiece up and down. With its aid, skilled Hawaiian fingers give everyday objects elaborate ornamentation.



Going around the Islands, where there's work to be done or play to be had, you'll find Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii ready to supply refreshment. Its field-freshness and tangy, flavorful delight make it the favorite of primitive and sophisticate.

Good news gets around swiftly. Today you'll find Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii on many a Mainland tray and table. Natural and unsweetened, its sun-ripened goodness is protected by the exclusive Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process.



© 1979, H. P. Co., Ltd.

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., also packers of "Dole Pineapple Gems," Sliced, Crushed, Tidbits, and the new "Royal Spoons." Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco.

## —BUT THE MEMORY LINGERS ON

(Continued from page 17)

As he slammed the door furiously and gave the car the juice, Bob reached over and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hey, buddy," he said confidentially, "if you catch one, let us know."

**W**ISH I could list the names of all the screen folks who have paraded through these pages during the five-year stretch, and I wish I could reminisce about all the grand times I have had with them . . . taking Myrna Loy around town on her first visit to New York . . . dining and dancing with Joan Bennett . . . playing games and seeing Harlem with Ginger Rogers . . . finding Claudette Colbert highly annoyed one afternoon in her hotel room because a reporter had been up there deviling the life out of her by asking "How did you develop sex appeal?" (Try to answer that one without sounding like a dope—and there is not a nicer person in the movies than Claudette) . . . lugging at the Sixty Club with Constance Bennett (there's an experience) . . . competing in a Lady Hop contest with Dorothy Lee . . . meeting the late Joan Harlow, and thinking what a regular person she was, so direct and completely herself . . . an evening with Carole Lombard and Clark Gable—and Carole showing me a rumba step she picked up in a picture with George Raft . . . meeting Ann Southern backstage and taking her dancing (when she used to be Harriet Lake) . . . and those very pleasant hours with George Murphy and his charming wife Julie (who remembers when they danced in New York as the team of George Murphy and Julie Johnson?) . . . visiting the Jack Bennys at the Essex House and running into George Burns and Gracie Allen . . . laughing my head off at Martha Raye when she used to be over at Ben Marderos's Riviera restaurant, and the night she came over and sat at our table, and a man in the party said, "You ought to be in the movies. You could make anybody laugh." (Was he a prophet!) . . . going backstage to visit Fred Astaire, and the night Bill Robinson was there, and he and Fred began showing each other steps.

And a little extra paragraph for a Hollywood couple I especially love—Dixie and Bing Crosby. They are the sort of folks you don't have to worry about. Same today and every day. Likewise Kendall and Director Lewis Milestone. What a pleasure it is to drop in at their Hollywood establishment!

**N**OR have all of the names which have graced these pages been screen names. All the grand gent's of the Artists and Writers club—Rube Goldberg, Clarence Budington Kelland, Grantland Rice, James Montgomery Flagg, McClelland Barclay, Fred Cooper, Arthur William Brown, Jeff Macomber, George Abbott, and dozens of others.

And there have been interesting doings with famous people from other walks of life . . . tennis matches with Alice Marble and Helen Wills Moody and Frank Shields . . . evenings with the Lawrence Tibbett, Gladys Swarthout, Amp Marin, Grace Moore . . . parties at which Ramona sat at one grand piano and George Gershwin at another one. When George died a few weeks ago, I lost an irreplaceable friend. He used to let me come up to his apartment and hear him play his songs before they were

published. And he taught me most of the lyrics in "Porgy and Bess" opera before it was produced. It has been a privilege knowing George Gershwin and all these other fine men and women—a privilege for which I am most grateful.

And there have been writers who have let me look over their shoulders . . . Dorothy Parker (who coauthors with her husband, Alan Campbell), Donald Ogden Stewart, Moss Hart, Eric Hatch, Bob Riskin (though Bob is a director now, and one of the best) . . . and my friends among the directors—Clarence Brown (first met him more than fifteen years ago), Gregory La Cava, George Cukor, John Ford, George Fitzmaurice (he and his wife Diana are two of my oldest movie friends), John Cromwell (whose wife, the former screen actress, Kay Johnson, is one of Hollywood's most attractive women). And there have been pleasant moments with the moguls . . . rumba competitions with Nick (president of Metro) Schenck and his lovely wife . . . interesting talks with Darryl (production chief of Twentieth Century) Zanuck . . . parties with Louis (Hollywood) Mayer . . . dinners and lunches at Hollywood and New York with Lux and Jack Whistney and Irene and David Selznick (Jack is chairman of the board of Selznick International and David is president) . . . and a year's association with Cheever Cowdin, Bob Cochran, Charley Rogers, and the other lads over at Universal, during which I acted as talent scout.

**A**ND among the producers I best remember are B. G. (Buddy) De Sylva, because of the hundreds of laughs we have had together during the past ten years . . . Harlan Thompson, because he reminds you of the most regular fellows you know back home . . . and Walter Wanger, because he is one of the smartest and pleasantest gent's in the film racket.

Other memories are meeting Katharine Hepburn on the set of "Mary of Scotland," and being completely bowled over with amazement and pleasure when she invited me to lunch . . . being sucked into a tap dance duel with Jimmy Cagney at a party given by the Bob Montgomerys in Hollywood, and taking the count because Jim was much too good for me . . . meeting Loretta Young for the first time and immediately falling in love with her . . .

**Y**ES, they have been five wonderful years. I doubt if I will enjoy any five years of my life more completely. Which makes the closing paragraph of this chat with you very simple, dear readers.

I have already said that my five years as editor of THE FAMILY CIRCLE have been the happiest I've had. And it looks as if the next five will be equally enjoyable. For the good things in life we should surely be thankful. So I turn first to you, the readers of THE FAMILY CIRCLE, to offer sincere thanks. Your loyalty has made it possible for the magazine to live and thrive. Your letters of criticism and encouragement have been the incentive to try a little harder. Thank you, very much. And then I turn to the lads in the stores who have given us such invaluable cooperation in distributing the magazine. Thank you, boys. You will never know how grateful we are.

It has been grand knowing all of you, dear friends. Here's hoping we will be together at the end of five more years.



*Be sure it's*

★  
**FRESH  
DRESSED**

★ All Fisher Chickens come into Cleveland, alive, from nearby farms. We have them ready for you in our stores just a few hours after they're dressed. They're well-bred, well-fed, tender, clean and grand eating. No better time for one than this coming Sunday!

**FISHER FOODS**

CLEVELAND-OWNED

"CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING"

FOR  
BROILING  
OR  
FRYING



## THE LIONESS IN DANIEL'S DEN

(Continued from page 12)

There was a splutter of applause. Joanna got down from the chair and went over near the wall she had indicated. Scilla was so curious that, in spite of herself, she moved over near Joanna in order to get a better view of what was about to happen.

Dan stalked solemnly over to one side of the bare wall space. He bowed, took out his handkerchief, and elaborately wiped his hands, like an acrobat preparing for a dazzling feat of strength. Then he bent down and pulled a lever concealed by a chair.

And from behind a low, modernistic davenport, with a screech of hidden fiddle bow and a clang of cymbells, a strange apparition rose—Dan's idea of a mural!

A large motto, with fancy floral background first announced Home, Sweet Home. Then, below that, rising majestically against the light wall, in that room so self-consciously black and pale, appeared a large crayon portrait of a singularly stolid family. Father and mother, seated, were surrounded by a neat half dozen offspring, frozen in stiff poses, the smudged faces vacuous or gloomy. A reverberating "Bong!" from a concealed source solemnly proclaimed the achievement as the portrait shivered into place.

A moment of silence paid tribute to Dan's ingenuity. Then a clamor of laughter and applause broke out.

FOR a second, Scilla hoped that this gesture, which indeed made the careful studied decoration of the apartment ridiculous, was really a surprise to Joanna, too, as she had said it was. But no, it couldn't be, for Joanna was as cool and unflinching as ever. In fact, she was actually smiling as she moved away from the guests crowding around the family group on the wall.

Scilla's heart sank to the toes of her new stippers. If Joanna would permit the decoration of her work, she was prepared to do anything to get her man. And Scilla would just have to face that fact.

Forgetting the attentive Lot, she pushed through the milling, hilarious crowd to the window where Joanna had gone and was standing alone.

She wouldn't be obvious about it, Scilla told herself. No one else would know that she was giving up, to a better woman, the struggle for Dan's attention. Anyone who noticed them at all would see only a tired Scilla saying good night politely to Joanna. But Joanna would know. She would understand that Scilla was admitting defeat—bowing out.

"Miss Hunt—Joanna—I . . .," Scilla began bravely.

She wasn't prepared for the hither look Joanna turned on her. "Congratulations!" Joanna's voice was harsh. "I suppose this was your idea!" she flung at the bewildered Scilla. "I wondered why Dan was so exhilarated over his precious secret—why he didn't have a moment to work with me. I understand now."

MOST of the guests were too preoccupied with the ingenious appearance and disappearance of the family portrait to notice the two girls. But Scilla's Santa Claus idea of the earlier part of the evening was much interested in the encounter. So was Lee. And Dan, too, had overheard at least part of Joanna's accusation.

"Take it easy, girls," he said slowly as he walked over. "I thought this up, Joanna. Scilla didn't have anything to do with it. The whole idea was mine."

"Oh, don't try to shield her!" Joanna turned on him, white and angry. "She's always encouraging you in foolish so-called jokes. You knew how hard I was working to make the place attractive. You wouldn't have spoiled it all by yourself. You couldn't

do anything so foolish without her help!" "Joanna—," Dan was getting pink around the edges. "—I tell you I worked this out myself. I—"

"No one else is smart enough to think up anything half as good," Scilla said loyally, anger overriding embarrassment.

Joanna gave her a scornful look.

"I don't know why I wasted my time fixing this place for you!" she spat at Dan.

"You said you wanted to," Dan accused, bewildered. "You said you'd like the chance to see what you could do. Why, I could have moved in with a hammock and an old fur rug, but I thought—"

"You thought! You couldn't think!"

Scilla saw her. Santa Claus move to Joanna's side, putting a hand quietly on her arm.

"Joanna, my dear," he said kindly but firmly, "you'd better stick to your fashion drawing. Now go powder your nose and I'll take you home. Run along. Before anyone else gets interested. The crowd's busy now, working that device over there, but pretty soon someone's bound to notice. Hurry, my dear."

"Dan, that's mighty clever—that portrait gadget," the old gentleman confessed, as Joanna moved away, leaving Scilla, Lee, and Dan gathered around him.

"And by the way, all of you—don't worry about Joanna. She'll be all right. Fine artist, but no sense of humor. Hard worker. Pulled herself up by her own French heels, you know."

"Come see my first thing in the morning, Dan. That chewing gum account we're after—you know the one—wants a tricky display. Like to have you sit in on the conference and see if you can invent something." He grinned at Scilla. "No one else is smart enough to think up anything half as good!" he quoted, as he turned to leave.

"Thanks, boss," said Dan.

"WELL," Dan's grin was pained and sheepish as he met Scilla's gaze and Lee's.

"Better keep our unsuspecting Daniel away from any more lady lions," Lee addressed Scilla. "And another thing, Sweet Stuff," he went on, deliberately ignoring Dan. "If you'd throw out everything but the disappearing mural and start all over again."

"She can't do that," said Dan gravely. "—the furniture is too new. And besides, it's paid for."

"But," he added thoughtfully, "if Scilla will move in, I won't mind it so much. I'll have her to look at."

"There's nothing like a ruffled Priscilla Day thrown over an old chair," said Scilla flippantly. "to make it look like new."

"I think you have something there," Lee commented. "I'd like to handle the ruffling concession."

"Or, if you really wish to be different!" Scilla went on, "drape a Priscilla Day over the chandelier. You've no idea what zest this gives to even the most conservative drawing room!"

"I'll take one for my parlor," Lee ordered. "But look, Scilla," Dan broke in, and there was no mistaking the seriousness of his tone, "we could put some kind of slip covers over the chairs and davenport, and I think maybe I could exchange some of the other things."

"It's his way of proposing, Sweet Stuff," Lee explained.

"Scilla," Dan's voice held a deep, special note which went straight to Scilla's heart and thrust the crowded room and all the rest of the world far away from them. "Scilla, how soon—that is, well, when—how soon can you move in?"

"How long does it take to make a slip cover?" Priscilla Day asked in a small voice.

## PURELY PERSONAL

EDITOR'S NOTE: You won't have to look far to find almost every human emotion expressed—if you look to the *Purely Personal* column of a newspaper. Some of these notices are amusing, some are pathetic, some half of deep tragedy. But such has it stood since the dawn of time, and with such continuity as we have, you wish you could know what it is. For their human interest, and as food for speculation, we offer the latest below, faced for the deletion of names and addresses in a few cases, they are reprinted exactly as they appeared in the *Purely Personal* column of other classified advertising columns, of newspapers in this country and abroad.

## Collected by LOCKWOOD BARR

**WANTED: BY A MELANCHOLY DAME** devoid of humor, a correspondent (not a correspondence) with staying power who appreciates the heavy virtues. Reply without delay.

**YOUNG LADY, WEARS AS SHOE**, experienced stenographer, typist. Manicure switchboard operator. Etc. Salary Expected, \$5-6.

**YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, MARRIED** in Manhattan, neither hurry nor hurry, wonders what this spot of "foggy" will provide in the way of stimulating male correspondence. Nothing archaic, prosaic or homely athletic, please. Interested in everything unusual, including down to what became of Pausanias's oddity.

**LADIES! WHO PROFFERS STIMULATING** talk and good food and a good time. Or better writers of this ill. Obvious Ophelia or profound Porcia need not apply. Cryan.

**ROXANNE, YOU INTERLUDE MY FINECY. LET'S** correspond.

**WOULD SOME ONE TALK STATISTICAL, MALE,** 30-40, care to converse not that San Francisco men are not all willow esthetes, fadsists, or uninteresting. Box 50-2.

**THANKING GOD FOR HELP RECEIVED, ALSO** Virgin Mary and St. Joseph for interceding. Same.

**L. A. THAT TRESOR HAS ARRIVED AT** Bourgeoisness. Better not come. Phyllis.

**WANTED: ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY** to attend to my affairs. Apply to my secretary, Mary Smith. Applicants over thirty not considered. Photograph requested. Mr. Szwed, 1000 Madison Ave., Room 1010, New York.

**JOHN NELSON FROM B. N. M. WIRE H. ARM** broken, serious. Tada.

**WOULD LIKE TO MEET OLDEST LIVING** Scotchman in Chicago. Call E. 181.

**MRS. HOW CONSISTENT YOU ARE, NEVER** missing an opportunity to be picturesque.

**INTOLERABLE NOISANCE OF SMOKE** in the city. Please inform the neighbors. No need to answer. Suggestions invited for effective action. 50 London Terrace.

**HAS ANY ONE TAKEN FARRINGTON MINE** has died and I would like another. It would be carefully and affectionately cared for. L. 109

**IS A YOUNG WOMAN, ATTRACTIVE, CULTURED, ROMANTIC, BUT "WATER"** a total loss in New York? She hesitates to retire, considering her fine male specimen, with ideal courtship. Box 50-2.

**IF YOU TAKE MATTERS THAT MATTER** seriously, I have a stock of humor, let's exchange ideas. Man-Hunter.

**SOMETIMES MEN ACHIEVE WORTH-WHILE** things; often women inspire them. In three words, I am a woman. If you are a man, write to me. I would correspond with serious, male, 26, who wants to write but lacks something. Inspiration? 1 Maple, Box 4-223 E.

**ROBERT AUGUSTUS HAND-ISM TROUSER** reconsider. Need say, HT 3-260.

**MATURE-MINDED YOUNG WOMAN INVITES** correspondence with gentlemen who possess special mechanism in more complex than downtown gliders. Box 4-223 E.

**FOR THE LOVE OF MY FATHER, BE CLEAN** cut, intellectual, energetic, playful—savoring gently. In grave danger of being gloved under—finders. Box 50-2.

**R. V. C.—WONT USE PEROXIDE EVEN TO** please you. Bath.

**BUSH-I NEVER SUGGESTED IT HAS IN** me telling sales? N.Y.C.

**WANTED: 2 YAKS FROM APRIL, UNFOR-** nished house; 2-6 bedrooms, Camden Hill or W; low rent, 4-30 E.T.

**EXETER GRADUATE SEEKS SUMMER JOB** as a cook, a maid, a cook's assistant, house washer, or mother's helper. Slightly shy and mildly Bostonian. 4-30 E.T.

**SEEKING FRIENDS SUPPRESSED BY CON-** necticut Yankee pseudo-intellectuals, girl, 25, seeks human interests.

**GENTLEMAN (IN CULTIVATING HIS GAR-** den. Priscilla Day would occasionally rally forth into the world. Box 4-30 E.R.

# THE WIT OF THE WORLD

"Since we've moved to the country," explained the hostess proudly, "we raise nearly everything we eat. We even keep our own cow."

"Well," said the small son of the guest, setting down his glass disgustedly, "somebody stung you with a sour one."

—*Widow*

A Scotchman entered the salesroom where he had recently bought a car and went up to the salesman who had sold the car to him.

"I want to know about my new car, mon," he said.

"Hasn't it been delivered yet?" asked the salesman.

"It has," said Jock, "but where's that free wheeling?"

—*Yellow Jacket*

"My next-door neighbor," a correspondent complains, "likes nothing better than to bemoan the state of his lawn." Surely it's the lawn that ought to be mown, isn't it?

—*Boys' Life*

The London- Aberdeen express neared its destination.

"It's been a long and tiring journey, hasn't it?" said an Englishman seated next to a Scotchman.

"Aye," agreed the Scotchman, "—an' sae it ought to be for the money."

—*Owl*

Four gamblers spent all their spare time playing poker. They were all the toughest of tough guys, and were used to playing for high stakes.

The four were in the middle of a game one evening when Joe whipped out a knife and pinned the hand of one of his opponents to the table.

"Gents," he said, "if Pete ain't got six cards in his hand, I'll apologize!"

—*Pastime*

"I admired that last piece you played, Professor. It had a sort of wild freedom about it, you know—a sort of get-up-and-go that just suited me. Was it a composition of your own?"

"Madam," responded the eminent musician, "I was putting a new E string on my violin."

—*Tit-Bits*

An old farmer who could usually find something to complain about was showing a young friend his bumper crops, which had been made possible by fine growing weather and superior skill in cultivation. His friend remarked, "Well you ought to be satisfied with such crops as these. There is certainly nothing lacking. You have nothing to kick about this year."

The old farmer was thoughtful for a minute, and then he replied, "Well, you know, son, such crops as these are pesky hard on the soil!"

—*Tattler*

A Welsh clergyman, preaching before a congregation which he took to be not too well educated, gave out his text in English and then said, "It is rather interesting to hear it in the original Hebrew," whereupon he repeated it in Welsh.

Pleased with the impression it appeared to make, he went on, "The Greek version is also significant," and said something else in Welsh.

Everything seemed to be going splendidly, until a man at the back of the church, a Welshman, stood up and began to protest in Welsh. Like lightning, the preacher forestalled him.

"Most interesting of all, however," he proclaimed loudly, "is the Arabic. It is as follows:"

And this time he said in Welsh, "Be a good sport, won't you? Don't give me away!"

The man at the back grinned and sat down again.

—*Punch Bowl*

Two small girls were having a tremendous argument.

"My daddy's a mounted policeman," said Betty. "He rides a horse all day."

"That's no better than being an ordinary policeman like my daddy," said Peggy proudly.

"Oh yes, it is," said the first child. "If there's any trouble, my daddy can get away quicker!"

—*Owl*

There are more ways of being a successful businessman than selling goods at a profit. Sam knew this, just as he knew all the other tricks of the trade, and when things began to slack off at the shop, he approached an expert in burglary and arson and asked his advice.

"Perhaps you'd like to have a fire?" said the expert. "I can easily arrange that for you."

"No, no," replied Sam. "Not a fire. Give me a burglary. In the first place, it's cleaner. In the second, if the insurance company refuses to pay, you've still got your goods."

—*Bee*

A young naval officer was showing a girl friend over the ship.

"Awfully interesting," she said, "but tell me—don't you have to close the portholes when the tide rises?"

—*Ranger*

Two friends met in the street. One of them remarked on the dirty state of the other's hands.

"Why," he exclaimed, "your hands are covered with soot."

"That's because I was down at the station seeing my wife away," replied his friend.

"But why did that get your hands dirty?"

"Well, I patted the engine."

—*Outspan*

## WHAT THE WORLD'S BEST KNOWN FOOT AUTHORITY SAYS OF THESE SHOES



Dr. M. W. LOCKE  
Canadian specialist  
internationally  
known for his  
treatment of  
all his  
Willsburg clinic.

"If everyone  
had always  
worn these shoes,  
correctly fitted, few  
would need to  
come to me for  
treatment."

WHEN he says most foot troubles could have been prevented, this celebrated Canadian specialist makes an amazing statement. Yet he speaks from the experience of treating feet of more than a million people from every corner of the globe at his famous foot clinic.

Dr. Locke realized that much of his humanitarian work in correcting foot troubles and attendant ills would go for naught unless patients were fitted with shoes that aid in regaining normal, healthful posture . . . shoes that encourage arches and muscles to function properly.

Since no such shoe could be found, he designed one. After fitting more than 10,000 pairs at his own clinic, Dr. Locke consented to give them his approval and name.

These shoes are now available, prescribed by leading foot doctors everywhere. They are the same lasts as used by Dr. Locke, employing the same scientific principles he tested so thoroughly. Only registered, certified Dr. M. W. Locke Shoe Fitters in carefully selected stores are authorized to fit you. They are qualified to determine size and correct last—but give no medical advice.

To overcome foot trouble . . . to prevent foot trouble . . . try a pair of these famous shoes today.



**FREE!** Dr. Locke's Own Foot Exercises. No charge. No obligation. Just mail coupon now.

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Name

Street

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## RENE BELBENOIT'S OWN STORY

(Continued from page 25)

creases until, by the sixth year, it is no higher than in Paris. And with what tenacity we cling to life, waiting for the one great day! France by France we build a little hoard which will pay for the mechanics of escape—a boat, food, hush money—and a stake once we are free. It takes years to accumulate enough, and for safety, it is concealed in what we call a *plan*—an aluminum capsule which we hide by inserting it in a body cavity.

Not one can be trusted. Bush Negroes have aided convicts to escape, only to guide them into the trackless jungle and there shoot them and tear their entrails out in order to get the hidden *plan*. Stool pigeons will pretend eagerness to take part in a break, and then turn you in on the very threshold of freedom. For all you know, the *seawhard*, or informer, may have posed as your closest friend. And that is why the convicts take on something of the covert slinking of an animal—the suspicion, the alertness, the adroitness of the quarry. Even if we get away, sea, fever, and the jungle—that dry guillotine—are hazards to be overcome. With such odds against a successful escape, we

are truly the world's supreme gamblers.

Where does a convict get money? Certainly not through the mails. If relatives and friends in France were so naive as to enclose it in a letter, there would be too many pilfering fingers, beginning with the censor's, to take out what they would term a commission. If the convict had excellent luck, five percent might trickle down to him, most likely, however, he would never even know a letter had been sent. Yet there are many ways to scrape up the odd franc. A tractable man may become a houseboy at the home of one of the guards, returning to the prison at nightfall. The handy man may be assigned to one of the many shops—carpentry, shoemaking, metalworking, and so on—or to the foundry. There, during the hours of labor and by virtue of the ever-present bribe, he may make, out of government materials, small articles which the guards will undertake to sell on the outside. The convicts turn such merchandise *camelot*—another word for trumpery. Naturally, the maker gets only a pittance as his share, but it is something. And the metalworkers make knives to sell on the inside, for every prisoner has a knife. If it is longer and sharper than the next man's, it may aid the owner in the quickest

way of collecting wealth. That is, of course, robbery. Many a man has awakened in the stench and heat of a tropical night to feel the bite of a blade against his throat or belly, and then no words are needed. He knows what is wanted—and if he is wise, he gives up. But tomorrow he begins to save once



"When freedom comes, the real prison begins," runs a saying in French Guiana. And how well this picture of *despair* illustrates it! The man has served his eight-year sentence and been released from prison, but unless he can escape, he must stay in French Guiana for the rest of his life. He has almost no chance to make a living, and he has lost even the small prison rations and shelter.

MY good friend and benefactor, William LaVatte, the explorer, has already told readers of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE something about my first four escapes—and captures. I came to look upon that quartet of defeats merely as steppingstones to the ultimate deliverance, and so passionately did I believe in it that not even the extra three years which I received as punishment caused me to lose hope. Not even *reclusion*.

That is perhaps a softer word than the English translation of solitary confinement, but in any language it is something which cuts more keenly than the kiss of any lash. And *reclusion* on Ile St. Joseph is a stark and dreadful ordeal. Silence is enforced (at least so far as conversation goes), which means that a man is caged up with what so often is his worst enemy—himself. There it is, inescapably beside him, three steps forward, three steps back, to the accompaniment of a misery of wails and screams from his unseen companions in torture. Once I spent a year in *reclusion*; another time, I spent six months.

Picture to yourself three large iron sheds about three hundred feet long by fifty feet broad. Each shed contains eighty concrete cells in two parallel lines of forty, separated by a twenty-foot-thick wall. The cells are twelve feet long, twelve feet high, and seven feet wide. There are no windows, and the door is solid iron, with a one-foot-square aperture for food. Overhead is a grille of iron bars, exposing one to the scrutiny of the guards who patrol the superior height of the dividing wall. And high above all is the iron roof, keeping out sun and light, so that no matter how bright the day outside, we live in a dismal grayness until dark. The furniture of each cell consists of a bench, a blanket, and two buckets. And the men are naked.

There are ways of defeating *reclusion*. Some prisoners go mad and dash out their

NEXT TIME AT THE GROCERY INCLUDE 1/2 OZ. PACKAGES

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM

PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

After every meal—FRISKY DOUBLE MINT GUM. THIS IS AS GOOD ADVICE FOR BROWN-UP LADIES AS FOR LITTLE GIRLS BECAUSE THIS NATURAL CHEWING EXERCISE HELPS BEAUTIFY THE MOUTH



brains against the door. Some drift into a peaceful imbecility and imagine themselves back in childhood. Others, starving for the voice of humans, no matter how degraded, risk their lives for a chance to go to the hospital on neighboring Ile Royale. They will thread a smuggled needle with a smuggled horsehair and run it through their flesh, leaving the horsehair there to cause infection. (They hope that the resulting tetanus will not cost more than an amputation at most.) Or they will push a smuggled castor bean into an arm or leg sore, and thus try to set up an inflammation. If the balance of fate tips to the limit, they will be fed to the sharks which act as ghastly sentries in the waters around Ile Royale and Ile St. Joseph—and feeding time is almost daily.

I preferred not to mutilate myself, and in order to keep my sanity, I projected myself into the future. It was like viewing a landscape through shimmering heat—vaguely unreal and out of proportion—but it helped. My faith in escape was an anchor for my brain, and each day I imagined myself, a free man, one stage further away on my flight. That is why I, with my meager body of five feet, five inches, and my one hundred and ten pounds, was able to come forth from solitary confinement with my mentality intact.

NOW, in the course of time I completed my prison sentence, and then the need for escape became even more urgent. That may sound unreasonable, but here is how it is: When a man receives up to seven years' sentence to the Devil's Island colony,

he must serve his time, and then, upon release, remain in French Guiana one year for each year of his sentence. If, before that time is up, the ravages of hunger, disease, or sudden death do not sweep him "behind the bamboo" (as the burial ground is referred to, because it is ringed with the dull green and gold trees), he may go where he will. Up to seven years, I said. From eight years onward, he must stay for life!

When the prison gates swung open for me, I became a *libéré*—an ironical term at which the Fates must laugh, for the Guiana slogan, "When freedom comes, the real prison begins," is one of ghastly verity. There is no work for the *libéré* except what chance may bring. He has lost even his prison rations, the shelter of its walls, and the chance to make *confort*. He can go into the back country and try working in one of the few gold mines, but he is likely to be far too weak to stand it. He can, and generally does, get himself a ramshead wheelbarrow, and wait wretchedly for a job of portering which will bring him a few soles. If he earns anything, he had better spend it at one of the Chinese stores, or some stronger *libéré* will wrest it from him. The same old cycle, you see, of theft, deceit, and murder.

So it was as a *libéré* that I made my last escape. I had determined that it would be by water, and as I could not handle a boat alone, I enlisted five other men to go with me. We made our preparations with speed, but as secretly as possible, for had it been suspected that we had sufficient money for getting away, our carcasses would have been tossed to the jungle vultures after the human

variety had got through with them. And it is not easy to pretend innocence of a plan like that before hundreds of bitter, penniless men with nothing to do but watch from their wheelbarrows in the town of Cayenne. By day we, too, loafed and complained; by night we worked with fear-driven stealth.

We obtained, from a fisherman, an eighteen-foot boat. (A boat is always available if you can produce five hundred francs.) It was little better for ocean sailing than a canoe, but nevertheless we loaded coffee, sugar, rice, bananas, sardines, corned beef, a ham, bread, kerosene, charcoal, and a barrel of water into it. I had a compass, and we fashioned a sail from old bits of cloth. Finally came the night when we pushed out from a little cove near Cayenne and began to paddle. We paddled noiselessly, yet not too slowly, with every stroke taking us clear of the swamps and the jungle and the misery in the nearest approach to hell on earth that white men have ever made. I thought, as we started out, of the inscription over the gates at St. Laurent. It is "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*." The battle cry of the French Revolution! Some sardonic wit, I suppose, had it put there in Guiana as his idea of a joke. Well, now we were having ours.

#### END OF PART ONE

In the concluding installment of *Rope* Silkenoff's own story, which is scheduled for the next issue, he tells how one of the men in the boat went mad, how they reached Trinidad and then Colombia, how they were put in prison in the old fortress in Barranquilla, how he escaped from it, how he fled to Panama and then to Nicaragua, how he was robbed by bandits there, and, finally, how he smuggled himself into the United States.

## HOW COULD LOVE LIKE OURS FADE SO FAST?



THE ROMANCE IS OVER, LU! I CAN'T STAND MY HUSBAND'S INDIFFERENCE ANY LONGER!

BETTY, MAYBE YOU'RE TO BLAME! WHEN WE DREAMED TOGETHER AT COLLEGE YOU NEVER HAD "BO." AREN'T YOU USING LIFEBOUY NOW?



OH, I SWITCH AROUND AMONG THE POPULAR WELL-KNOWN SOAPS.

BUT LIFEBOUY CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN OTHER WELL-KNOWN SOAPS. IT'S LATHER STOPS "BO."



HOW DANGEROUS IT IS TO TAKE CHANCES, ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S SUCH A GLORIOUSLY REFRESHING WAY TO KEEP SAFE!



#### LATER

DARLING, IT'S GRAND TO BE HOME IN THE EVENINGS! YOU'RE THE LOVELIEST WIFE IN THE WORLD!

SHE THINKS I'LL NEVER DESERT LIFEBOUY AGAIN!



#### Lifebuoy 20% milder

Bring out your complexion's natural freshness with Lifebuoy. The same purifying ingredient that helps stop "B.O." makes Lifebuoy 20% milder by ten than many so-called "beauty" and "baby" soaps.

Do you know that more American women—more men and children, too—use Lifebuoy for the bath than any other soap? This fact was revealed when 8 leading magazines questioned 120,000 women!



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



ANTOINETTE CONCELO, PEER-LESS QUEEN OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE, IN HER BREATHTAKING TRIPLE SOMERSAULT

THE ZACCINIS—DEATH-DEFYING HUMAN COMETS SHOT FROM THE MOUTH OF A MAMMOTH CANNON!

DOROTHY HERBERT—WORLD'S GREATEST EQUESTRIENNE—RIDES THE FLAMING HURDLES A FEAT OF UNPARALLELED DARING AND NERVE.

I ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURE OF SMOKING AS OFTEN AS I PLEASE. YOU SEE, I'M A LOYAL CAMEL SMOKER. CAMELS NEVER RUFFLE MY NERVES

THE STRAIN OF OUR ACT IS TERRIFIC. WE APPRECIATE CAMELS' MILDNESS. I KNOW CAMELS DON'T GET ON MY NERVES

I AGREE WITH HUGO 100%

YES, MY CIGARETTE IS CAMEL TOO. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES, AND THEY HAVE A ROYAL FLAVOR



*Antoinette Concello*



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**COSTLER TOBACCO**

**Camels**  
never get on  
your nerves!

**FOR THE FULL PLEASURE OF SMOKING—MAKE IT CAMELS!**

CAMEL WILLINGLY PAYS MORE FOR TOBACCO WITH EXTRA-FINE TASTE, FRAGRANCE, AND MILDNESS. MILLIONS OF SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT.....

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND. (Signed)  
R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA



# HOW COULD LOVE LIKE OURS FADE SO FAST?



THE ROMANCE IS OVER, LU! I CAN'T STAND MY HUSBAND'S INDIFFERENCE ANY LONGER!



BETTY, MAYBE YOU'RE TO BLAME! WHEN WE ROOMED TOGETHER AT COLLEGE YOU NEVER HAD "BO" ARENT YOU USING THE DREGS NOW?

OH, I SWITCH AROUND AMONG THE POPULAR WELL-KNOWN SCAMS



BUT THE DREGS CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN OTHER WELL-KNOWN SCAMS. IT'S STOP'S "BO"

HOW DANGEROUS IT IS TO TAKE CHANCES... ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S SUCH A GLORIOUSLY REFRESHING WAY TO KEEP SAFE!



LATER

DARLING, IT'S GRAND TO BE HOME IN THE EVENINGS! YOU'RE THE LOVELIEST WIFE IN THE WORLD



SHE THINKS I'LL NEVER DESERT THE DREGS AGAIN!

## The DREGS 20% milder

BRING out your complexion's natural freshness . . . with *The Dregs*! The same purifying ingredient that helps stop "B. O." makes *The Dregs* 20% milder by test than many so-called "beauty" and "baby scams."

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